Supernatural, Sam/Gabriel. Sam Fell a long time ago. Gabriel has been searching.

PGish AU that's got lots of me doing research and speculating. I hope it's enjoyable. :)

Oct. 27th, 2010 08:57 pm (UTC)

A Sense of Closure 1/2

[ooc: I went lore searching as I usually do with these prompts and got creative. It's not entirely what you wanted I think, but I hope you like it.]

He wants to see him one more time. Samael was a glorious, bright angel, even if he presided over death, even if his name meant poison.

Gabriel wants to see him. Angels weren't supposed to have relationships, to be so human, but after Lucifer -

Gabriel loved Samael, a long time ago. He loved his curiosity, his bright and unashamed interest in knowledge that led Raziel to visit Earth to hide his knowledge away, to prevent Samael from drawing it out of him.

Gabriel supposes that he should have seen it coming, as he saw Lucifer's pride grow to consume him, and as he saw Michael's anger tear them apart. But love makes one blind, and Gabriel would recognize the blindness in many humans as he spent time on Earth.

Samael Fell while pursing knowledge of demons, of the creatures born out of Lucifer's hatred, and while pursuing knowledge on exactly how Lucifer's cage was constructed.

Gabriel doesn't know what the tipping point was. He doesn't know precisely what Samael did beyond seek knowledge and shirk his duties in that pursuit. He can imagine Samael summoning demons, testing new Enochian sigils on binding them and so much more, but he doesn't know exactly what severed Samael from the Host, from Heaven.

It all comes down to this: Gabriel wants to see Samael one more time, to gain that chance to say goodbye properly.

(And Gabriel, regardless of his nature, is supposed to be a weapon to be used against the enemies of Heaven, not his brethren. He can only bear so much, and even he recoils after the slaying of too many mistakes that came from Heaven, and then - he will have to destroy Samael, he is told. When Samael is retrieved. When all of the Fallen are retrieved.)

His time on Earth has stretched out for so long, however. He's been Loki, the Trickster for so long that he sometimes falters in his search for years while he fulfills the duties of his assumed role.

(Angels will find a duty to perform and hold to it, the trouble comes when they choose a duty that isn't in accordance with the rule of Heaven.)

So he slips. He hasn't seen in Samael in thousands of years, his memory will never become faded, but Gabriel is practiced at ignoring things.

He's practiced at eating chocolate and thinking up fascinating deaths for those who have earned his attention, and he is practiced at avoiding the call of Heaven, and he is practiced at avoiding the reasons why he came down to Earth in the first place.

He falters like this:

"Samael?" He whispers, watching from a window. There are the Winchesters, the true vessels, the sign of the End Times in the flesh.

There is Sam Winchester, who has Samael's appearance and eyes and curiosity and who has Sam Winchester's devotion to his brother and who is stained with the traces of demonic blood.

Gabriel wants to know more. He breaks from a long-held habit to avoid anything that could draw him back into the affairs of Heaven and lets them come up to the office.

He's flippant, he banters, he thinks of ways to drive them crazy, to drive them apart.

He wants to snap Dean Winchester away and talk to Sam, to find out what makes him Samael so thoroughly. Oh, he likes Dean Winchester. It's a shame that Dean'll have to go to Hell and all. But he can't change that, and Sam -

Sam has his attention.

Dreams are easy. Any angel as strong as he is can step into them. Hell, any Trickster worth his salt can at least peek into them.

So he walks into Sam Winchester's dreams and finds one that Sam might remember in the morning.

"Sam," he says.

Sam looks up at him, blinking at him. "I'm trying to finish this." He's got stacks of books before him, he's got monsters organized. Gabriel thinks that Sam's got really screwy dreams.

"You're dreaming, Sam." He says.

"No, I'm not." Sam says, opening a book. "Please leave. I'm busy."

Gabriel shakes his head and walks forward, closing Sam's book. "We need to talk."

Sam blinks at him again, and Gabriel can see the exact moment when he realizes where he is, what he's doing, and who Gabriel is.

He stands. "Get out of my head." Then, "Weren't you dead?"

"No and nope, Sammy. I've got business with you."

"With me."

"Samael."

Sam went still, then shook himself and looked at Gabriel. "I'm Sam."

"You're Samael. How?"

Sam begins to protest, opening his mouth to say that he's Sam, not Samael, and why is this Trickster here anyway, but then he stops.

Gabriel sees recognition in his eyes.

"Gabriel?" Sam says. "Wait, wh - " He's cut off, and for a brief moment there's pain in his eyes. Then: "Gabriel." It's not Sam speaking now.

"I found you." Gabriel whispers, telling himself not to clutch at the desk. He can stand.

"No," Samael says. "No, you didn't." He circles the desk. "Lucifer will burn me out, when it comes to that."

"How?" Gabriel raises a hand, touching Samael's face. "How are you *here*?"

"A fitting punishment." Samael spreads his hands. "I can't use Sam as a vessel. I can't leave him. I learned too much about binding rituals, and one bit me back."

Gabriel almost asks how he can free Samael. Almost asks how he can make things right. But Samael is shaking his head and pulling Gabriel into a kiss.

Gabriel tastes Samael, and then tastes more. He pulls back. Samael has mastery over poisons, he thinks, and even in a dream -

"Goodbye, Gabriel," Samael murmurs. "You'll forget that I was here. At least until I'm gone."

"I - " Gabriel says. "Please - "

Samael touches his forehead and Gabriel is gone, gone back to being a Trickster.

He can't explain the deep ache he feels.

Something makes him stop looking for Samael entirely. He has a sense of closure, and it bugs the hell of out him, but he still has a sense of it, and he just...stops looking.

And the Apocalypse rolls in, and he sees Lucifer again, and there is the taste of cold ashes in his mouth as he is broken on his sword.